

Story #634 (1974, Tape #50)

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Location: İskenderun, kaza town  
of Hatay Province

Date: January 8, 1974

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Nasreddin Hoca Fears Not the Mouse but Its Habit

One day (or, rather, one night), Nasreddin Hoca went to bed with his wife. As he lay in total darkness, deep in sleep, a wandering mouse crawled up the bed and passed across his beard. Nasreddin Hoca jumped out of bed and looked around to see what had disturbed his slumber, but he could not find the culprit, for the mouse had quickly crept into a hole. Not finding anything, Nasreddin Hoca quickly grabbed a shovel that was hanging on the wall, and started digging here and there. His wife woke up from the racket he was making and said, "What do you think you are doing?"

Nasreddin Hoca replied, "I am looking for the mouse."

Puzzled, his wife asked, "But what did the mouse do? Why are you looking for the mouse?"

He sighed and said, "Well, didn't you see it? While I was sound asleep, the mouse crawled up the bed and passed across my beard."

"Well," said the wife, "it is only a harmless animal. So he walked across your beard. What harm is there in that?"

"Oh, no," replied the hoca, "I know the mouse is but a harmless creature, but it might make a habit out of its nightly escapades. It might come out walking across my beard every night and wear a path into my beard."